

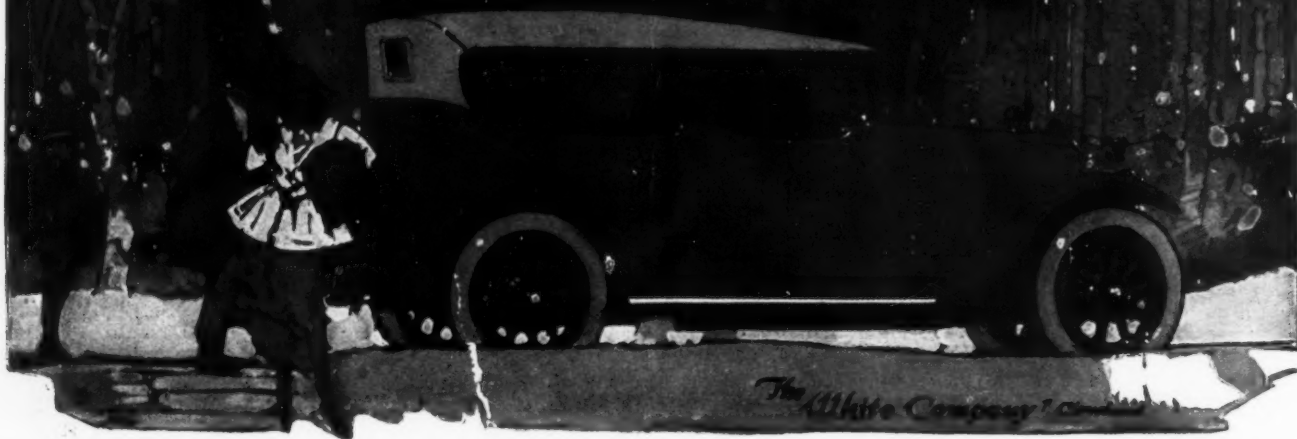
EASTER EGGS

Modeled by Helena Smith-Dayton

White

The difference between the best medium grade motor car and a White can not be put into words. It is a matter of sensible impression and of actual experience; the difference between a substantial piece of furniture produced in quantities at a price and the deftly fashioned product of a craftsman unhampered by limitations.

The style and quality of a White are immediately apparent to even the casual observer, and they grow more marked with years of use.



The White Company

Puck

The Tempest Simmers Down in the Teapot's Spring Brewing

Perhaps it's spring. Perhaps it indicates the triumph of the pacifist's ideals. Whatever it is, everybody who has contributed his mite to Puck's Teapot for weeks past has had nothing but good to say.

Maybe, after all, it is the genial influence of the Bunner stories, for the letters in praise of these humorous masterpieces have arrived by the score.

Almost the first to reach our desk was from a friend who is eminently fitted to speak with authority on matters literary:

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

RESPECTED PUCK:

Your plan for a revival of the Bunner series is welcome. That blessed work has been a handbook in the family ever since it appeared. Various copies have been given away to friends and our own copy remains an heirloom. Never was there cleaner and better fun than Bunner's. Here is my dollar for the Bunner Series of PUCK.

Gratefully yours,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

A curious manifestation of the Bunner revival lies in the apparent belief of each Bunner "fan" that he was alone in his admiration of this great humorist. It is a genuine pleasure to welcome a Southern member to the Bunner circle, and to assure him that there are many thousand just like him:

MOBILE, ALA.

GENTLEMEN:

I had imagined that I was practically alone in my appreciation of Bunner's writings, as I have bound copies of all of his short stories and they have been a source of enjoyment not only to me but to many of my friends. I hasten, therefore, to accept your special offer and hope that many others will do the same and thereby have the opportunity to enjoy some of the best of American short stories, written by a man whose editorials and writings I have followed for many years with such interest that I felt his death as a personal loss.

ELLIOTT G. RICKABY.

You will not be amiss, therefore, if you will turn to "Hector" in this number and read it through from beginning to end.

What do you think, after reading one hundred numbers of Puck—or aren't you a Puck centenarian yet?

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR PUCK:

I've just bought my hundredth copy of PUCK. After two constant years of watching for that flash of intelligence that would tell me you had "arrived," I find it at last this week.

Dear old Bunner! What a joy it is to read about the little sempstress and her pots of porter! I have read no more delightful story in twenty years. Are there no contemporaries who write as well?

And the sudden note of maturity on the editorial page. There is a degree of sanity this week on which I have heard several favorable comments.

Roberts is a good new name, and Barton's two pages are the best you've had in many moons. I'm sorry for page 18. I've read you ever since you grew up, and I don't give a damn whether you started the college army idea or not, nor do the rest of your friends.

Go to it; you're on the right track at last.

Laughingly, smilingly, happily yours,
A. M. BUNSON.

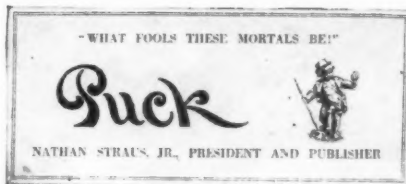
We wish more of our good friends would be as frank in writing us as Mr. Bunson and the sponsors of some of the interesting letters following:

UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

DEAR PUCK:

There have just come to me from our bindery two volumes of PUCK, each containing eight or ten numbers. They are put up in limp covers, very convenient to handle and not too heavy for the poor devils over in the hospital to hold without fatigue.

I have just been running through the



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London Office: Puck, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

volumes with joy, renewing my acquaintance with the delightful drawings. Puck is a superb picture paper. Your color prints are selected with perspicuous wisdom and are printed with accuracy and skill. I have yet to find one serious out of register, as may often be found in our high-class monthlies.

Perhaps my greatest joy is had from the drawings by Hill in black and white and in color, because of their keen interpretation of the shallow characters of modern society. He does not paint their faces only, but their souls as well.

Then on the other side of the shield is Barton, who quite ignores all human attributes in his drawings and is immensely successful as a satirist and decorator. His color work is a most entrancing nightmare which I delight to ride. One of his delicious monstrosities is hanging on the wall before me as I write. I framed it some time ago as a shining example of color and composition.

But to come down to date: "Scheherazade," on the front current issue, is a real delight and gives one sensations; and is not that the aim and function of art? Poor Mr. Burke, he also appears to get sensations from Barton's stuff, but there is something the matter with his eye, or — his liver!

And we'll miss Jimmy Huneker. Take good care of him and nurse him back to health. And we look forward to the Bunner revival with joyous anticipation. And so — long life and continued success!

Sincerely,
W. M. S.

PARIS, TEXAS.

DEAR PUCK:

I want to tell you right now that I take back any and all maledictions I may have heaped upon your head. This apology is the result of your own actions — mainly your campaign against Tom Watson of Georgia. You should have a place in the Hall of Fame for that if you never accomplished another thing for the cause of civilization. But there is still another thing, your nerve and good sense in holding up to ridicule such an ignoramus as Karl Kellner, and others of his stamp. I have never found you catering to anything low or vicious, but the red part of your weekly (which is the part that shall live) is always fearless and outspoken in any stand it takes, and if an error is made, you are more than ready to retract it.

Your "Freedom of the Press" is an institution. Keep it up.

Your humbly apologizing reader,
MAUDE NEVILLE.

It has been long since we had to resort to the deadly parallel, but this opportunity cannot be passed:

PHILA., PA.
SIRS:
Once was enough.
Cut my name from
your list.
H. J. HIGGS.

SILIAM SPRGS., MO.
DEAR PUCK:
I can't keep house
without you. The
week always starts
off better when I get
PUCK in the Monday
morning mail.
E. L. KOKANOUR.

From the trenches in Belgium comes this appreciative note:

FLANDERS.

DEAR PUCK:

Your paper most assuredly helps us forget our present existence if only for a time and your covers are a source of brightness for our dugout walls. Thanking you for the past and trusting in the future, I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
ALLEN P. MACLEAN,
20th Battalion, Canadians,
France.

P.S.—You might shorten my address to 20th Battalion, Canadians, France.

While the little imp threatens seriously to interfere with Mr. Gill's strawberry crop:

BELLINGHAM, WASH.

DEAR SIR:

I have no fault to find with PUCK, but I have started planting my crops, and have not so much time to joke. If I stop to think of the lovely pictures on the covers I might get all the seed in one hill—or cultivate all my feminine strawberry plants and let the males die. Here's hoping you may hear from me again. With best wishes,

Yours truly,
JNO. R. GILL.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR PUCK:

We out in Salt Lake have an opinion occasionally. Your issue of April 1, contained the announcement that the art insert for the following week was to be a full page in color by Raphael Kirchner, whose work, you say, appears in America exclusively in PUCK, and also that the remaining paintings in the collection were to make their appearance regularly thereafter. Enough of that, PUCK! We have seen Mr. Kirchner's paintings in the past as well as the work of other artists from London, Paris and where not. And you continue to boast of having them on your list of contributors! I cannot see any reason why these stranded foreign artists are given such precedence. Their work is meritorious of course, or you would not print it, but our best American artists, many of whom contribute to PUCK, are equally as capable, in my estimation, of supplying that which the American public desires. They are possibly more capable of supplying this need, as they doubtlessly have a more wholesome idea of what comprises real art.

Give our numerous high-class American artists a place for their work in your columns. Help to keep up the tried and trusty slogan that has done so much for all of us and which in this case is applicable—"America First."

I wish to say, however, that for my part I think PUCK stands well up with its competitors in the humor-periodical field. But the one feature I have observed in your connection that occurs in the others to a far less extent is the matter I have referred to above—that of giving the foreign artist who is capable of nothing beyond the ordinary of high-class American art, a precedence over the American artist.

Yours for patriotism first, last and all the time.

CARLYLE BURR.

Mr. Burr is in possession of some information we've long wanted. Who and where are these refugee artists now in America? We've been on a still hunt for them, because some of our standbys are in the trenches, and so far we've located only Mr. Kirchner—who isn't a refugee at all.

Born 1820
—Still going
strong.



Visitor (critically examining an antique bureau): "THERE IS NO DENYING THE CHARM OF OLD THINGS WHEN THEY ARE GENUINE—SOME ONE SHOULD INVENT 'NON-REFILLABLE' ANTIQUE FURNITURE."

Host (seeing the point): "AH! THAT REMINDS ME—BRING A NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE OF 'JOHNNIE WALKER' RED LABEL."

To be absolutely assured "Johnnie Walker" quality—always say, "Johnnie Walker Red Label" in the non-refillable bottle—every drop over 10 years old.

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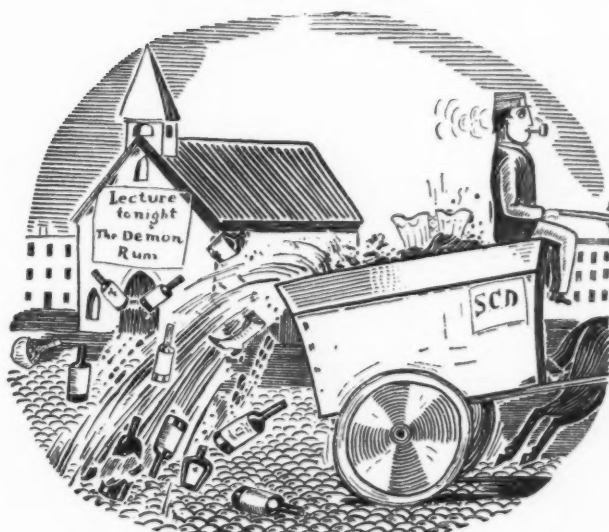
JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



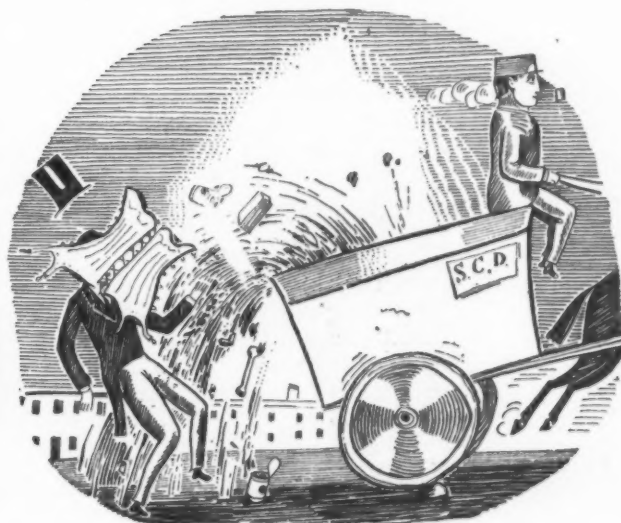
As on my rounds I gaily start,
Refuse piled high upon my cart,



Milady's gown receives the top—
I joggle on, I cannot stop;



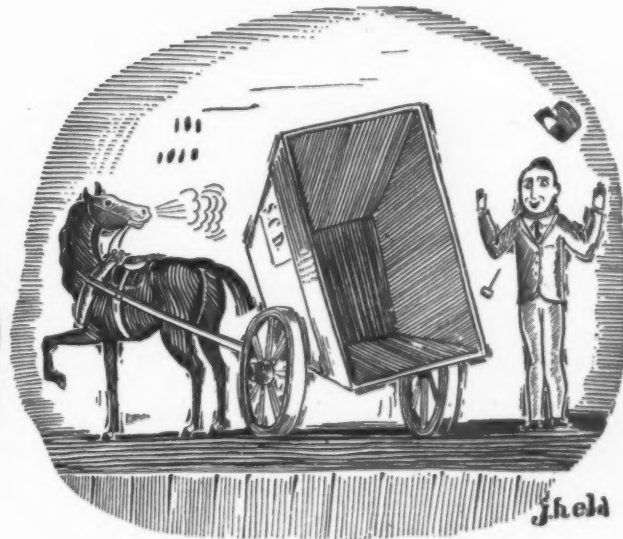
A dozen bottles, in a lurch,
I drop at Pastor Russell's church;



I feed a man his peck of dirt
At one fell swoop—it doesn't hurt—



Perambulators share my load,
And as I fare upon my road,



I reach the dock, to find with glee
My once-filled cart is now empty

HOW OUR GREAT CITY CLEANS ITS STREETS

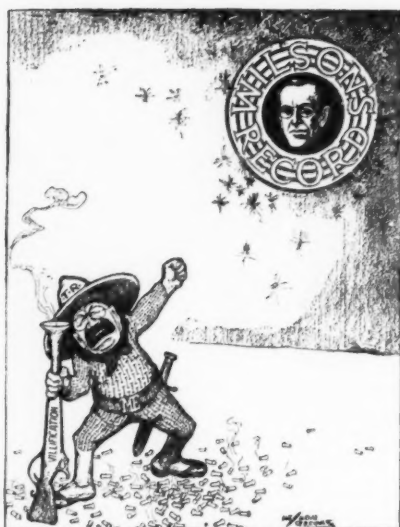


In Mexico, the population is composed of Carranzistas and Villistas. Up here, with regard to Mexican relations, most of the population are Pessimistas.

New York is steadily changing. Take the term "Fifth Avenue Parade," for instance. When you see it in the headlines nowadays, you can't tell whether it means a pageant of Fashion or an outpouring of striking cloak-makers.

As usual in a Presidential year, there is a Business Men's Presidential League in the field, its object being — also as usual — to secure the nomination of a candidate "who is a real business man." An uncouth nonentity like A. Lincoln, for example, could never expect the endorsement of a Business Men's Presidential League.

Quoth Henry A. Wise Wood of the National Security League: "The way to prevent war is to make yourself stronger than the nation that means to bring war to you." If the nations of Europe had not followed this policy, they might now be engaged in an all-consuming conflict.



NARY A BULL'S-EYE

THE MIGHTY HUNTER: I've exhausted all my ammunition, and not one shot seems to have taken effect

Premier Salandra of Italy, in an interview in the *Matin*, says: "We recognize that a state of war implies certain privations." The gentleman has marvelous powers of observation and deduction.

Thieves used dynamite on the safe and office of the Standard Oil Company here. They got 65 cents, which was the entire amount of cash on hand.

—A despatch from Mississippi.

Problem in simple arithmetic: If the Standard Oil safe contains but 65 cents, what do the other safes in Mississippi hold?



WILL THE JUDGE SAVE THE LADY?

Drawn by William C. Morris

"Mental waywardness" on the part of a locomotive engineer is given as the cause of the recent wreck on the New York Central. We like the term, "mental waywardness," it is so elastic. It might apply to much bigger railroad persons than locomotive engineers, and it is strange nobody thought to use it when the New Haven road was being wrecked.

Professor Ludwig Becker has been forced out of the chair of Astronomy at the University of Glasgow, Scotland. He is a German, and it was feared he might array the heavenly bodies against the Allies.

One feature of the sale was the increasing popularity of the American skunk.—London cable.

Other things besides prophets, it appears, are without honor in their own country, yet feted elsewhere.

"Keep in the fresh air a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four," said a celebrated heavyweight fighter in a talk on health. This is not funny till you hear to whom he said it. He was talking to an audience of motormen and trolley conductors.

A former British soldier, who is shy seven ribs, came to this country the other day with his bride. Friend Adam made a shrewder bargain, if we remember rightly.

The present-day young women take too active a part in athletics. For girls to play golf, tennis and other games that rightfully are men's sports is outrageous.—Amelia E. Barr, the novelist.

This almost convinces us that Mrs. Barr was not among the ladies present at the Willard-Moran fight.

The Dutch Government's proximity to a break with Germany on the submarine issue may be due to a shortage of note-paper at The Hague.

Shoes in Mexico cost anywhere from \$30 to \$150, Mexican money. There seems to be no strictly "popular-price shoe" in Mexico at the moment.

The conferment of a college education upon all young men of the country for the next decade would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall the people.—A Western professor.

But think of the increased volume of sound in the college yells!

If the worst should happen to the Colonel, the whiskered bird who eats nuts would doubtless drown himself in the River of Doubt.

Speaking of "heroic moods," that which steels a man to accept a nomination for Vice-President should not be overlooked.



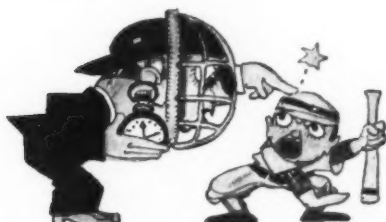
THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by BERTON BRALEY

Drawings by MERLE JOHNSON

Now opens the season
When fans lose their reason
And yammer, and clamor and jump,
In palace and hovel
They're doping out novel
Opprobrious terms for the "ump."

A German named Schiller
Has furnished a thriller
By raiding a ship all alone
And all the world flickers
Its eyelids and snickers
Aloud in a tittering tone.



Bill Hoist and his Joinal
With voitue supoinal
Are fighting the pugilist tribe,
Their vigor is fiery
(Wouldst read Willard's diary?
The Journal has got it; subscribe!)

A taxi concern has
Gone bankrupt, we learn as
We carefully nose through the news,
It gives us no flurry
Of grief. We should worry!
Them bandits could bust all they choose.

The motorists' motto
Is, "Gasoline auto
Be cheaper for motor and man."
Instead of repining
They think of combining
And giving the Standard the can!

Miss Marjorie Sterrett
Is worthy of merit,
Her battleship fund's getting large
And if it keeps growing
The way it is going
It may buy a tug — or a barge.

It's hard to write verse on
An unstable person
Like Villa, who's caused such a row,
He twists and he switches
Through canyons and ditches,
But maybe we've got him, by now.

Our war secretary,
Newt Baker, 's a very
Well qualified man for the post;
He seems as efficient,
Serene and omniscient
As Josephus Daniels — almost!

A self that is dual
Doc Waite blames for cruel
And terrible deeds full of shame,
Hereafter our trouble
We'll lay to a double,
The "Bad Man from Egypt" we'll blame.



E. Root and our Teddy
Are said to be ready
Their undying love to declare
— The big politicians
Are nursing ambitions.
Where's Bryan? — The echo says,
"Where?"

The Zepps are still raiding
While Europe is wading
In misery, horror and gore,
We make our light laughter
But tears fall thereafter,
— Gott Strafe the "Glory of War!"





EGG ROLLING ON NOMINATION HILL

Drawn by William C. Morris



Ruck



VOL. LXXIX

No. 2042

WEEK ENDING APRIL 22, 1916

THE PAPER CHASE

True to False Gods

WE often wonder if the great German people — the nation of scientists, the Germany of Goethe, of Bunsen, of Wagner — ever pause in the midst of this mad war and ask themselves why nearly 10,000,000 of the best brain and brawn of the race should have been sent into a shambles.

For whose good? Germany's? No. There is no possible gain or profit that the German people can ever hope to secure, though they fight until Kingdom come. In the loss of men and colonies alone, Germany has suffered an economic set-back that no conquest can retrench.

Why, then, has the Fatherland been plundered of its youth; why do untold thousands of sturdy, plodding German women go about their work with swollen eyes from weeping and their hearts turned to stone within them?

Let the House of Hohenzollern give its answer to the nation it has betrayed.

Two cries reach us from Germany, like faint rays of light struggling through the cracks of a tight closed door. One is for bread, the other for peace. William Hohenzollern and his eldest son cry neither for bread nor for peace.

Is it because the growth of enlightenment and the rapid development of thought and education in Germany presaged a day when the yoke of absolutism imposed by the Hohenzollern dynasty should become onerous, should perhaps be thrown off?

In no country of the world has Socialism gained the foothold it enjoys in Germany. Will these Socialists bear the staggering burden of the Hohenzollern civil-list forever without a protest? Were there rumblings of dissatisfaction in the German Empire that prompted William Hohenzollern to cast the die that has dragged a million of his subjects to their death — rumblings of unrest that never reached the outer world?

Has he no one to answer to? Not even to the mothers and the widows of the Fatherland?

Would a free, a republican Germany, have entered upon this madness? Would the people themselves have chosen to send their sons to slaughter? Is it not, after all, a Hohenzollern enterprise, in which none but a Hohenzollern will be the gainer?

Our sympathies go out to the German people.

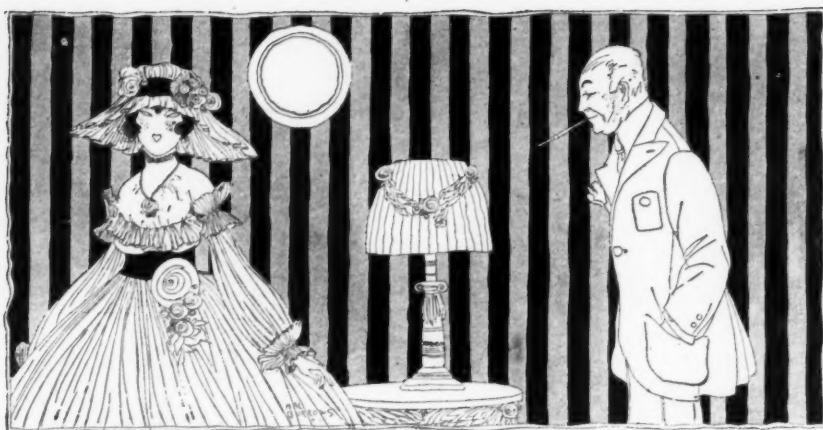
They are worshipping false gods, and have been betrayed by the most monstrous deception ever practised by a panic-stricken monarchy.

Is it not time for the leaders of real German thought to cast about them for a free, a greater Germany, in which the matter of life and death shall be taken out of the hands of a single family that seeks only to perpetuate itself in power, however grim the cost may be?

The last freebooter who drenched Europe in blood — a Frenchman — spent his declining years on a bleak isle in the contemplation of his career of savagery. Is there not another isle, somewhere, awaiting the arrival of the last remaining claimant for Napoleon's doubtful honors?

Europe's Plague of Bad Boys

COMPLAINTS that juvenile law-breaking is on the increase pour in from all the countries of Europe's war zone. Orderly Germany is amazed by this plague of bad boys, France is perplexed, England shocked. "From every part of England," reports a British weekly, "comes the tale that the boy is getting out of hand; that something has got into his blood and set him wild. What is that something?" We suspect that it is force of example. If the European small boy gets into more scrapes these days than in the past, he may be unconsciously (or consciously) imitating his big brothers and his dad. When he stretches a clothes-line across the sidewalk to trip up pedestrians, he may be imagining himself in the front line of trenches just back of the barb wire entanglements. When he filches candy and robs orchards he is merely foraging and looting. That overripe tomato which struck a member of the Reichstag back of the ear was a bomb dropped from a Zeppelin. Young guerrillas who set fire to barns are no more criminal in their instincts than their elders who lay Galicia to waste or devastate Belgium. The small boy explodes a firecracker under Fido and dad torpedoes ships. To our notion, the juvenile population of Europe to-day is better behaved — at least, as compared with its elders — than it ever used to be. When property and human lives are held so cheaply as they now are in Europe, how can we expect mere children to keep on cherishing the ancient 1913 standards of behavior?



"Well, dear, what was the name of the show you saw to-day?"

"I can't remember, but the dresses were by Bernice; the shoes by Flammayer's; the parasols by Smythe and Browne, and the hats by the Maison Mounette!"

Why Gorillas Are Seldom Seen

By K. L. ROBERTS

Professor Garner expects to return to Africa in a short time for the purpose of resuming his study of the language and the customs of the gorilla.—*News item.*

The 796th Congress of Gorillaland had just been called to order. Each of the forty-two venerable gorillas who comprised that distinguished body was in his place. All the beauty and chivalry of the Commonwealth hung by their hands from the branches of near-by trees, and swayed silently in the balmy jungle-zephyrs. An atmosphere of tense expectancy pervaded the gathering.

"Mr. Chairman!" boomed a bow-legged, low-browed member from the 18th District, rising to his feet and beating his breast abstractedly with a heavy mahogany club. "Mr. Chairman, it has come to my notice that a white man is soon to come into our midst for the purpose of studying our language and customs; and in behalf of our wives, our children and our sacred homes, I wish to protest against such a profanation of our simple sylvan solitudes."

A sinister murmur of applause surged from the lips of the assemblage. A few of the weaker sex expressed their anguish by uprooting mighty trees and cracking granite boulders between their teeth.

"Mr. Chairman!" bellowed the Pride of the Ninth District, rising and gnashing his teeth loudly in order to obtain quick recognition.

When a slight wave of the Chairman's right foot accorded the Pride of the Ninth Ward the recognition which he desired, he turned to the assemblage with flashing eyes, beat a sonorous bass semi-quaver on his massive chest with his clenched fists, and burst into an impassioned flood of oratory.

"My brethren," he barked hoarsely,

"look well upon this scene of peace and plenty. Look well upon our fertile forests, teeming with the succulent cocoanut, the sweet-voiced filliloo bird, and the spirit of harmony. Picture then, oh, my brethren, a white man coming among us and exposing us and our children to the infection of that horrible disease known as civilization! Picture it, I say!"

"Shall we," continued the orator, when the uproar had subsided, "shall we allow a man to come among us, learn our language, and tell us of the beliefs and principles of humanity? Rather would I see a child of mine collecting pennies for an organ-grinder than have his breast filled with human passions and ideals. Who of you is willing to descend so low as to fight against one with whom you have no quarrel, as does man?"

At this point the speaker was interrupted by wild hiccoughs, sobs, moans, and shouts of "No, no! Never, never!"

"Rather would I live the simple and kindly life of the gorilla," shouted the Pride of the Ninth District, when order had been restored, "than dwell as a cultured cog in the wheel of civilization for a million years! Never, so long as civilization has existed, has there been peace on earth or good will between men. Shall we, my brethren, endure the presence in our midst of man, the lowest of the low? Shall we risk acquiring from him the lust for battle, murder and sudden death? Or shall we flee his presence and maintain unsullied the honor, the peace and the simple virtues of Gorillaland?"

At the conclusion of this address, strong gorillas broke down and wept, while frail wives and mothers released their hold on lofty boughs, dropped to the ground, and overwhelmed the Pride of the Ninth District with kisses.

When, at the end of an hour, some semblance of order had been brought out of chaos, the Chairman rose and banged diligently upon his chest with his gavel. "It is the sense of this assemblage," he roared in a deep, quivery voice, "that when Man seeks us in our solitudes, no matter for what purpose, we shall retire to the depths of the jungle, where no man has yet penetrated, owing to the activities of the man-eating orchids and the hair-removing whizz-fish. There we shall remain until Man has given us up in disgust, or until the last gorilla has perished from senile dementia."



On With the Dance!—The New Selections Make a Hit!

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

Daughter Dialogues

MISS INQUISITIVE (reading European dispatches): Father.

FOND MALE PARENT: Yes, daughter?

M. I.: What does "plebiscite" mean?

F. M. P.: Now, run along and play, daughter, like a good little girl.

M. I.: But, father, I want to know what plebiscite means. Don't you know?

F. M. P. (saunters nonchalantly to dictionary and makes a hasty survey of the "P's"): It means, daughter, a vote of all the people.

M. I.: But it says here in the paper that "a plebiscite of the soldiers in Europe reveals a longing for peace."

F. M. P.: That's quite right, daughter; none of the soldiers want the war to continue.

M. I.: Why do they fight, then, father?

F. M. P.: A-hem. Well, you see—now, why don't you go and play with brother?

M. I.: 'Cause I want to talk with you. If the soldiers don't want to fight, why do they do it?

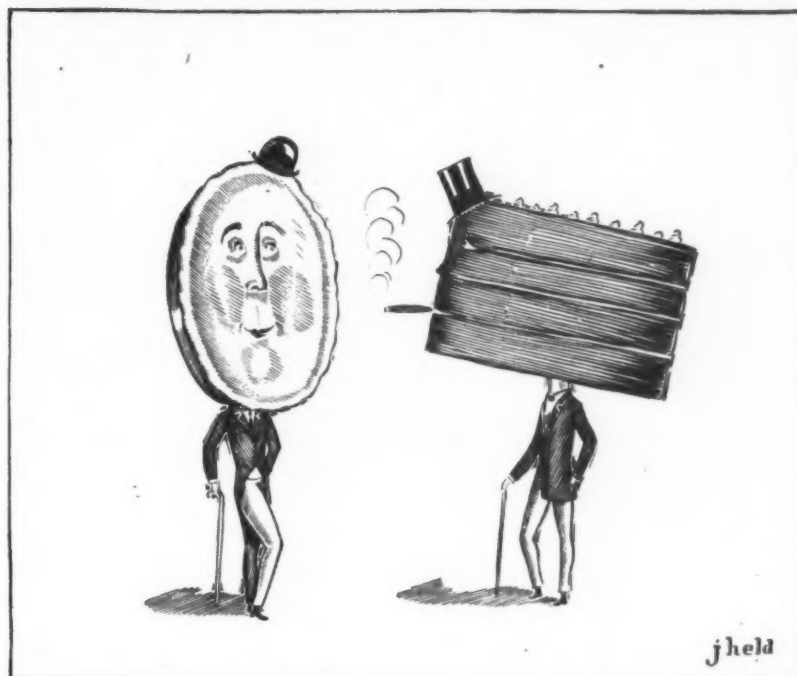
F. M. P.: Well, you see, daughter, their kings want them to fight, so they have to do it.

M. I.: Oh, then are the kings all mad at each other?

F. M. P.: No; all the kings are cousins. They just thought it was time their soldiers ought to fight.

M. I.: And do they pay their soldiers big wages for shooting one another?

F. M. P.: No, daughter, they pay them only two or three cents a day.



Drawn by John Held

CHOCOLATE CAKE: What has become of Custard Pie?
APPLE PIE: Ah! He has gone into moving pictures

M. I.: My, the soldiers must think a lot of their kings, don't they?

F. M. P.: That's one thing they never take a plebiscite on, so we don't know.

M. I.: Isn't a plebiscite a wonderful thing, father?

F. M. P.: Wonderful—for distinguishing between what folks want and what they really get.

M. I.: Perhaps, after all, the kings, too, are tired of wars.

F. M. P.: Possibly, daughter, but kings never bother to take a plebiscite.

There is no more wood in the New York Subway. Everything is now made of steel, including the arms of the platform attendants during rush hours.

The amount spent for chewing gum in the past ten years was \$35,000,000, \$27,826,728.93 of which was dropped into penny slot machines that failed to remit the gum.



Drawn by Nelson Greene

PERHAPS THE OLD ONE WAS A TRIFLE SMALL. THIS NEW ONE OUGHT TO SCARE 'EM DEAD

The Return of the Spoken Drama

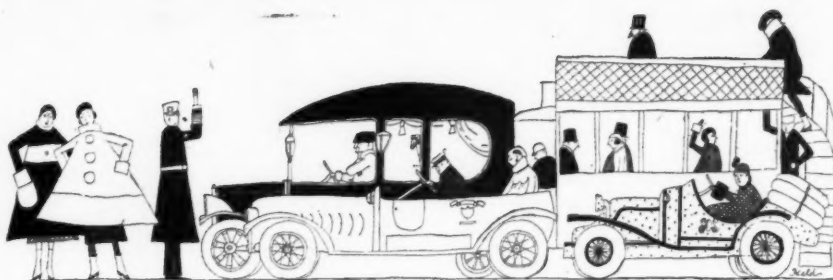
The theatrical managers were in solemn session.

"Movies are played out," said one; "the public demands novelty. What shall we give them?"

It was a knotty problem, a perpetual problem. Nobody spoke; no eye gleamed with inspiration.

Finally an exceptionally able producer, one with numerous "successes" to his credit, broke the silence with a shout.

"I have it!" he cried. "The thing is solved. Instead of movies, instead of pictures on the screen, we'll give the public plays with real people. We'll get good plays and let the actors *speak* the lines. Not merely pictures of actors, but real flesh and blood. We'll do away with the screen entirely, and



FEMININE LOGIC

HELENE: No matter where I am, if I am in a hurry, I always come to this crossing, because this officer always lets me pass

instead of acting the plays in studios before a camera, we'll perform them direct to the public. It will take the country by storm!"

"Magnificent!" chorused the assembled managers.

All except one, who seemed to be

struggling with a doubt. He was comparatively new to the theatrical business.

"But is there any difference," said this one, "between what *you* propose and the old spoken-drama which the movies displaced?"

Those near him frowned ill-naturedly. "No, of course not," growled several; "but what has that to do with it? In the theatrical game **ANYTHING** is a novelty — if it's old enough."

And thus the spoken-drama came back.

"Thou Art a Jewel"

The ways of the heathen Chinee are no more dark nor devious than the operations of that exclusive club known as the New York Stock Exchange.

Twenty months ago the dogs of war chased the bulls and bears into a hibernation that lasted many months, because "the market could not support the ruinous war-time prices quoted on standard securities."

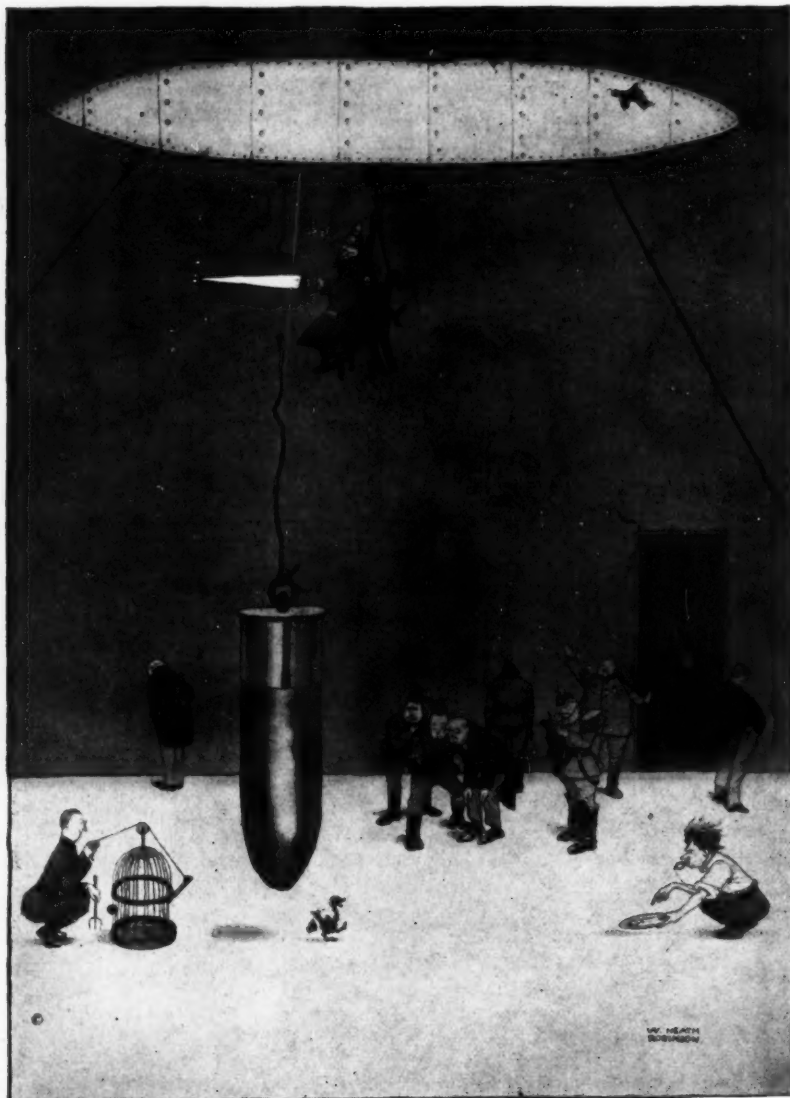
The other day it looked like peace — for about ten minutes. And did stocks bound gleefully to new high water marks at the rosy prospect of an end to the depressing war?

Not much. The bottom dropped out of the market, and several blushing "war brides" were unceremoniously dumped out on the hard marble flagging of the 'Change.

We presume now that the only thing to do to maintain the equilibrium of the stock market is to go on fighting until Gabriel blows an end to all our inconsistencies.

It is said that upwards of ten million persons in the United States are habitual chewers of gum. Well, if it doesn't give them stiff upper lips, it will at least equip them with stiff lower jaws. And that, after all, is something.

The practice of "after-dinner" speaking by long-distance telephone increases alarmingly the number of those whom "we have with us to-night." Science is sometimes too enterprising.



Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

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AT COUNT ZEPPELIN'S EVENING CLASS FOR BOMB DROPPERS

(Bomb dropping, like many other of the practices of modern war, is an art that requires schooling. Few persons are self-taught. Heath Robinson has drawn with accuracy this scene from one of Count Zeppelin's classes. In the picture the student has scored a miss.)

THE PROFESSIONAL BOHEMIANS

III—THEY DISBAND

The first tint of daylight was beginning to gild the cross on the Judson Tower, and the Washington Square Chapter of Amalgamated Professional Bohemians, in executive session at Tony's, was in revolt.

"I'm sleepy," yawned little Mignonette McDougall, "and I'll be doggoned if I am going to stay up any longer."

"Sh-sh," warned Benedick Brevoort, "there's only one more table of slummers left. As soon as they leave we can all go home."

The little group of Professional Bohemians gazed longingly at the table of four that still lingered over their Chianti, visitors obviously out of the picture, obviously from West One Hundred and Eighth Street, and obviously as weary as their neighbors.

"Maybe they're waiting for us to go," ventured Yvonne Deschamps, a French acquisition to the Professional Bohemians, "*n'est-ce-pas?*"

"Impossible," cried Waverly, "no Professional Bohemian would dream of leaving Tony's so long as an outside party remained."

"I don't care," protested Mignonette, "it's no fun to sit up in this joint all night and be rubbered at in exchange for a 50-cent table d'hôte. I feel like the lady zebra at the Zoo, and we've eaten enough spaghetti in the last week to string a telephone wire from here to Mars."

Holly Waverly had said nothing during this exchange of pleasantries, but as she fondled her heavy jade necklace one could see that she, too, had a complaint to file, and it was equally evident that Brevoort did not welcome her entrance on the side of the mutineers.

"Now, Holly," he appealed, "you know this is the life, don't you?"

"I know it *isn't* the life," snapped the young lady addressed. "I passed up a perfectly good chance to eat at Sherry's to-night, simply because I thought some editors were coming here. I suppose *they're* at Sherry's. For the last three nights there's been nobody here but hicks from Montclair, and if some real literary folks don't turn up soon, I'm going to quit and eat regular."

"But, Holly," pleaded the distressed Benedick, "I brought a real editor here last Tuesday, and he said lots of nice things to you."

"That guy wasn't an editor. His sheet's the *Grand Republic*, and it don't print any pictures. Here we are all here in a bunch and not an artist in

Ruck



We've eaten enough spaghetti to string a telephone wire to Mars



It was sun-up, and the Professional Bohemians were in revolt



Sadly wended their way across The Square

sight. Is *this* what you call Bohemia?"

A murmur of approval hummed around the table, and Brevoort signaled for assistance from the ever watchful Tony, who responded with another bottle of carmine vinegar, on the house.

"See how generous Tony is," and the leader of the Professional Bohemians emptied his goblet with Spartan courage.

"Generous! You don't suppose I drink that stuff because I like it?" The thoroughly aroused Holly indicated her contempt by tossing it off "bottom up" without coming up for air. "Like this, when I could be drinking Pol Roger 1900 up at Forty-fourth Street? I guess not!"

Dabbleton, of the accordion-pleated chin, had sunk into a profound slumber, but not so profound as to sleep through any mention of Pol Roger.

"Who's buying wine?" he demanded, with sudden vigor.

"Holly — mentally," replied Mignonette.

"That's the only way it's ever bought here," was Dabbleton's comment, as he relapsed again in the realm of dreams, in which a squadron of mussels charged furiously through a large casserole of *bouillabaisse*.

The sun was high over the eastern side of the Square when Brevoort plucked up courage to approach the group who still clung to the table at Tony's.

"I say," he yawned, sleepily, "we're the Professional Bohemians here, and we want to go home."

"Bohemians?" cried one of the intruding visitors. "Why, so are we!"

"You, Bohemians," faintly echoed the astonished Brevoort.

"Yes, from Harlem."

The words carried to the earnest little group making their last heroic stand. Silently they gazed from one to the other.

"Did you get that," whispered Mignonette, "*from Harlem?*"

"I did, and I'm through," was Holly's rejoinder.

Brevoort realized the hopelessness of the situation. He faced a determined group of interlopers of the sub-freshman, pre-debutante type who knew no shame. But he made a final play for position.

"What," he demanded, "do you do for literature and the arts?"

"Oh," exclaimed the intruders, in unison, "we write letters to F. P. A. about Burns Brothers selling coal."

Softly they awoke the unconscious Payton, and sadly wended their way across The Square. They were beaten!

Ruck

Love and War

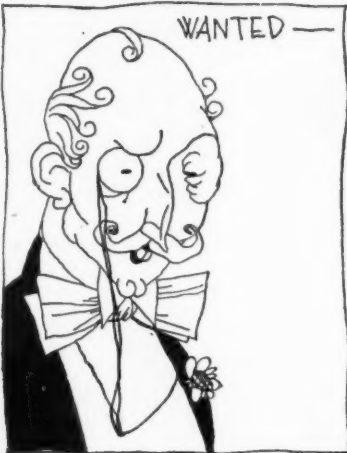
GENTLE WOMAN — (35) —



IRISH GIRL —



OFFICER
(20) —



WANTED —

It may be Love and it may be War which is responsible for the following advertisements clipped from a London pennyworth with literary claims. There seems to be a great deal of yearning for kindred souls in Great Britain these days.

Consider how long the writer of this may have to yearn before his ideal comes to light.

Gentleman (at present East of Suez), of good social position, wishes to correspond with a lady of good social position who is attractive, well-dressed, of a sweet, generous disposition; who is musical (piano), and a good tennis player; who can play golf; who is fond of dogs, horses and children; who likes motor-cycling (side-car or otherwise); who does not talk scandal; who has a sense of humor and is fond of Birmingham's and Jacobs' books; refined; whose age is about 30 or so and height five foot six or so; who appreciates Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables"; who is not passionately fond of society, dancing and bridge; who is not a Suffragette; who will correspond in strictest confidence.

And what mystery is concealed within this lady's? "Rather tired of things in general," she announces.

Gentlewoman (35), dreamy, artistic temperament, rather tired of things in general, would be glad to have letters from man (35-40) of similar temperament, and fond of beautiful scenery, music and books.

And what exactly is the nature of the threat contained in this one?

Irish Girl, anxious to enlighten the minds of the world, invites correspondence.

And what unhappy experience causes this advertiser to bar "soul-talk"?

Lonely Scotch Girl (19), possessing a sense of humor, would like a naval correspondent. Keen on everything except "soul-talk."

And here are three interesting ones:

London.—I am a bachelor-woman, war worker, but don't talk about it, nor wear uniform, nor swing a cane. Would correspond with soldier-man, sailor-man, ineligible, provided he's (like me) educated, over 30, intelligent, but not a crank.

Officer (20), 12 months' active service, of very varied and interesting nature, would like to hear from some titled young lady, both correspondents to remain anonymous.

Girl (23), bereaved, lonely, needs sincere pen-chumship of thorough gentleman, cultured, educated, really sincere, serving anywhere, anyhow, or ineligible. Writer has qualities of a staunch, sporting little friend, is artistic, educated, literary, musical, with satisfactory though not brilliant execution (piano), appreciates beauty, dancing, theatres, but not frivolous.

But the last. We may be wrong, but it looks suspicious.

Wanted, by gentleman, a companion for a fortnight's holiday at Monte Carlo.

There is evidently no Mann Act in Europe.

Just in Time

The real estate auctioneer grabbed Rip Van Winkle by his tattered coat-sleeve and pulled him up on the platform.

"Look at this man!" he cried to the none too eager visitors. "Look at him! He's rich. Rich. He's been asleep for twenty years, but the last thing he did before he lay down was to buy ten lots adjoining these I am now offering. These lots quadrupled in value while he snored. They worked while he slept. He didn't have to raise his hand. What I did for Rip Van Winkle I now stand ready to do for you!"

"What am I offered for Parcel Number 14?"

The Supreme Court has decided that a Michigan motorist has no business to be struck by a train and maimed for life. However, the court kindly refrained from fining the victim for inconveniencing the railroad.

The Paper-Chase

Seated one day in the Subway
I was peevish and ill at ease,
For my optics wandered wildly
Over such lines as these:

Villa to be caught to-day;
Funston's men are on his track;
Villa makes a get-away;
Villa baffles all the pack;
Pershing sure of Villa soon;
Villa, fleeing, fools the bunch;
Villa killed to-day at noon;
Can't Escape, is Army's hunch;
Villa hides in mountain pass;
Villa's healthy, Villa's dead;
Villa using poisoned gas;
Villa's wounded, it is said;
Villa gallops fifty miles;
Villa cannot sit his steed;
Funston fooled by Villa's wiles;
Pershing's men have Villa treed;
Villa's capture set for May;
Villa cannot walk or stand;
Villa fights and runs away;
Villa swims the Rio Grande;
Funston's men in futile raid;
Villa's head in Funston's noose;
Villa winning, Dodd outplayed —
O, carramba! What's the use?
Why continue such array,
Many headlines or a few?
"Tush and tut!" the papers say,
"Any headline may be true."
Up and down 'twixt column rules,
Type the blackest, boldest face,
Villa flays and flees and fools
In the morning* paper-chase.

—A. H. F.

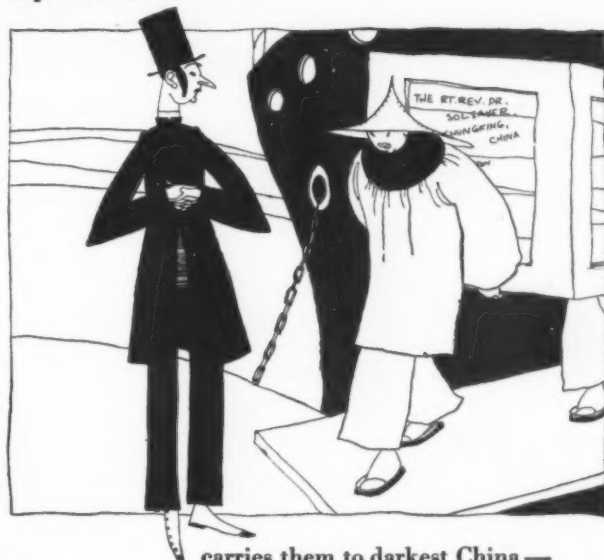
* And evening.



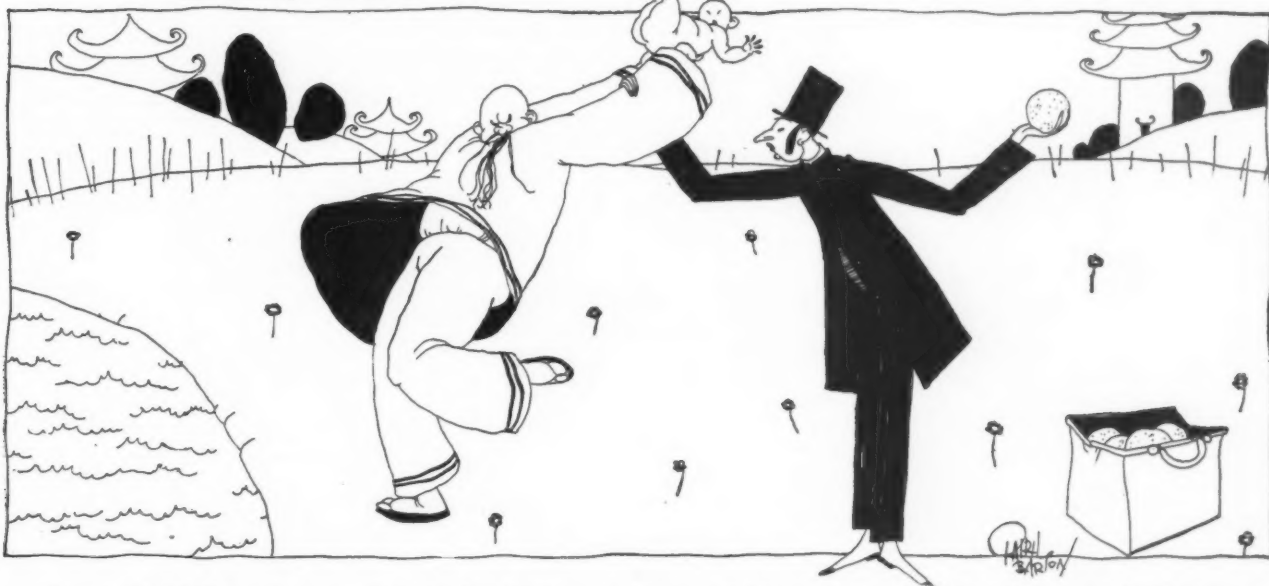
All New York is mad over charities and fads, and the tin-foil saving mania is both. It works like this: first one saves all one's tin-foil and pounds it into a ball



Then one entrusts one's tin-foil-balls to a kind missionary-man who —



carries them to darkest China —



where wicked Chinese papas are bribed with them and persuaded not to toss their girl-babies into the Yangtze River (as is, of course, their wont.) It was recently reported that, in one day, enough girl-babies were saved to form an Equal Rights Society in each Chinese city at a total cost of 153 milk-chocolate wrappers, 528 cigarette-box interiors, 487 wine-bottle caps and 748 kodak film envelopes

SAVE YOUR TIN-FOIL AND THE CHINESE GIRL-BABIES WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES

HECTOR

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by Ethel Plummer

It was such a quiet old home, so comfortably covered with wistaria from basement to chimney-tops, and it stood on the corner of two such quiet, old-fashioned streets on the East Side of New York that you would never have imagined that it held six of the most agitated and perturbed women in the great city. But the three Miss Pellicoes, their maid, their waitress and their cook could not have been more troubled in their feminine minds had they been six exceptionally attractive Sabines with the Roman soldiery in full cry.

For twenty years—ever since the death of old Mr. Pellicoe—these six women had lived in mortal fear of the marauding man, and the Man had come at last. That very evening, at a quarter past eight o'clock, a creature who called himself a book-agent had rung the front door bell. Honora, the waitress, had opened the door a couple of inches, inquired the stranger's business, learned it, told him to depart, tried to close the door, and discovered that the man had inserted his toe in the opening. She had closed the door violently, and the man had emitted a single oath of deep and sincere profanity. He had then kicked the door and departed, with a marked limp.

At least this was the story as Honora first related it. But as she stood before the assembled household and recounted it for the seventh time, it had assumed proportions that left no room for the charitable hypothesis that an innocent vender of literature had been the hapless victim of his own carelessness or clumsiness.

"And when he had the half of his big ugly body in the crack o' th' dure," she said, in excited tones and with fine dramatic action, "and him yellin' an' swearin' and cussin' iv'ry holy name he could lay his black tongue to, and me six years cook in a convent, and I t'rew th' whole weight o' me on th' dure, an'—"

"That will do, Honora," said Miss Pellicoe, who was the head of the household. She perceived that the combat was deepening too rapidly. "You may go. We will decide what is to be done."

And Miss Pellicoe had decided what was to be done.

"Sisters," she said to her two juniors, "we must keep a dog."

"A dog!" cried Miss Angela, the youngest; "oh, how nice!"

"I do not think it is nice at all," said Miss Pellicoe, somewhat sternly, "nor would you, Angela, if you had any conception of what it really meant. I do not propose to keep a lap-dog, or a King Charles spaniel, but a dog—a mastiff, or a bloodhound, or some animal of that nature, such as would spring at the throat of an invader, and bear him to the ground!"

"Oh, dear!" gasped Miss Angela. "I should be afraid of him!"

"You do not understand as yet, Angela," Miss Pellicoe explained, knitting her brows. "My intention is to procure the animal as a—in fact—a puppy, and thus enable him to grow up and to regard us with affection, and be willing to hold himself at all times in readiness to afford us the protection we desire. It is clearly impossible to have a man in the house. I have decided upon a mastiff."

When Miss Pellicoe decided upon a thing, Miss Angela Pellicoe and her other sister promptly acquiesced. On this occasion they did not, even in their inmost hearts, question the wisdom of the decision of the head of the house. A man, they knew, was not to be thought of. For twenty years the Pellicoe house had been a bower of virginity. The only men who ever entered it were the old family doctor, the older family lawyer, and annually, on New Year's Day, in accordance with an obsolete custom, Major Kitsedge, their father's old partner; once junior of the firm of Pellicoe & Kitsedge. Not even the butcher or the baker or the candlestick-maker forced an entrance to that innocent dove-cote. They handed in their wares through a wicket-gate in the back-yard and were sent about their business by the chaste Honora.

The next morning, having awakened to find themselves and the silver still safe, Miss Pellicoe and Miss Angela set out for a dog store which they had seen advertised in the papers. It was in an unpleasantly low and ill-bred part of the town, and when the two ladies reached it, they paused outside the door, and listened, with lengthened faces, to the combined clamor and smell that emanated from its open door. "This," said Miss Pellicoe, after a brief deliberation, "is not a place for us. If we are to procure a dog, he must be procured in some other way. It need not entail a loss of self-respect."

"I have it," she added with a sudden inspiration. "I will write to Hector."

Hector was the sole male representative of the Pellicoe family. He was a second cousin of the Misses Pellicoe. He lived out West—his address varying from year to year. Once in a long while Miss Pellicoe wrote to him, just to keep herself in communication with the Man of the family. It made her feel more secure, in view of possible emergencies. She had not seen Hector since he was nineteen. He was perhaps the last



"Sisters, will you kindly remove him? I should like to faint!"

person of any positive virility who had had the freedom of the Pellicoe household. He had used that freedom mainly in making attempts to kiss Honora, who was then in her buxom prime, and in decorating the family portraits with cork moustaches and



The bloom had been brushed from the peach

whiskers. Miss Pellicoe clung to the Man of the family as an abstraction; but she was always glad that he lived in the West. Addressing him in his capacity of Man of the family, she wrote to him and asked him to supply her with a young mastiff, and to send her bill therefor. She explained the situation to him, and made him understand that the dog must be of a character to be regarded as a male relative.

Hector responded at once. He would send a mastiff pup within a week. The pup's pedigree was, unfortunately, lost, but the breed was high. Fifty dollars would cover the cost and expenses of transportation. The pup was six months old.

For ten days the Pellicoe household was in a fever of expectation. Miss Pellicoe called in a carpenter, and, chaperoned by the entire household, held an interview with him, and directed him how to construct a dog-house in the back-yard—a dog-house with one door about six inches square, to admit the occupant in his innocent puphood, and with another door about four feet in height to emit him, when, in the pride of his mature masculinity, he should rush forth upon the burglar and the book-agent. The carpenter remarked that he "never seen no such dorg as that;" but Miss Pellicoe thought him at once ignorant and ungrammatical, and paid no heed to him.

In conclave assembled, the Misses Pellicoe decided to name the dog Hector. Beside the consideration of the claims of gratitude and family affection, they remembered that Hector was a classical hero.

The ten days came to an end when, just at dusk of a dull January day, two stalwart expressmen, with much open grumbling and smothered cursing, deposited a huge packing-case in the vestibule of the Pellicoe house, and departed, slamming the doors behind them. From this box proceeded such yelps and howls that the entire household rushed affrighted to peer through the slats that gridironed the top. Within was a mighty black beast, as high as a table, that flopped itself wildly about, clawed at the sides of the box, and swung in every direction a tail as large as a policeman's night-club.

It was Hector. There was no mistake about it, for Mr. Hector Pellicoe's card was nailed to a slat. It was Hector, the six-months-old pup, for whose diminutive proportions the small door in the dog-house had been devised; Hector, for whom a saucer of lukewarm milk was even then waiting by the kitchen range.

"Oh, Sister," cried Miss Angela, "we never can get him out! You'll have to send for a man!"

"I certainly shall not send for a man at this hour of the evening," said Miss Pellicoe, white, but firm; "and I shall not leave the

poor creature imprisoned during the night." Here Hector yawned madly.

"I shall take him out," concluded Miss Pellicoe, "myself!"

They hung upon her neck, and entreated her not to risk her life; but Miss Pellicoe had made up her mind. The three maids shoved the box into the butler's pantry, shrieking with terror every time that Hector leaped at the slats, and at last, with the two younger Pellicoes holding one door a foot open, and the three maids holding the other door an inch open, Miss Pellicoe seized the household hatchet, and began her awful task. One slat! Miss Pellicoe was white but firm. Two slats! Miss Pellicoe was whiter and firmer. Three slats!—and a vast black body leaped high in the air. With five simultaneous shrieks, the two doors were slammed to, and Miss Pellicoe and Hector were left together in the butler's pantry.

The courage of the younger Pellicoes asserted itself after a moment, and they flung open the pantry door. Miss Pellicoe, looking as though she needed aromatic vinegar, leaned against the wall. Hector had his forepaws on her shoulders, and was licking her face in exuberant affection.

"Sisters," gasped Miss Pellicoe, "will you kindly remove him? I should like to faint!"

But Hector had already released her to dash at Miss Angela, who frightened him by going into such hysterics that Miss Pellicoe was obliged to deny herself the luxury of a faint. Then he found the maids, and after driving them before him like chaff for five minutes succeeded in convincing Honora of the affectionate purpose of his demonstrations, and accepted her invitation to the kitchen, where he emptied the saucer of milk in three laps.

"I think, Honora," suggested Miss Pellicoe, who had resumed command, "that you might, perhaps, give him a slice or two of last night's leg of mutton. Perhaps he needs something more sustaining."

Honora produced the mutton-leg. It was clearly what Hector wanted. He took it from her without ceremony, bore it under the sink and ate all of it except about six inches of the bone, which he took to bed with him.

The next day, feeling the need of masculine advice, Miss Pellicoe resolved to address herself to the policeman on the beat, and she astonished him with the following question:

"Sir," she said, in true Johnsonian style, "what height should a mastiff dog attain at the age of six months?"

The policeman stared at her in utter astonishment.

"They do be all sizes, Mum," he replied, blankly, "like a piece of cheese."

"My relative in the West," explained Miss Pellicoe, "has sent me a dog, and I am given to understand that his age is six months. As he is phenomenally large, I have thought it best to seek for information. Has my relative been imposed upon?"

"It's har-r-r-d to tell, Mum," replied the policeman, dubiously. Then his countenance brightened. "Does his feet fit him?" he inquired.

"What—what do you mean?" asked Miss Pellicoe, shrinking back a little.

"Is his feet like blackin'-boxes on th' ind of his legs?"

"They are certainly very large."

"Thin 't is a pup. You see, Mum, with a pup, 't is this way. The feet starts first, an' the pup grows up to 'em, like. Av they

match him, he's grown. Av he has arctics on, he's a pup."

Hector's growth in the next six months dissipated all doubts as to his puphood. He became a four-legged Colossus, martial toward cats, aggressive toward the tradesmen at the wicket-gate, impartially affectionate toward all the household, and voracious beyond all imagining. But he might have eaten the gentle ladies out of house and home, and they would never have



Saw the Head of the House cast into the cage with a dozen curs of the street

dreamed of protesting. The house had found a Head—even a Head above Miss Pellicoe.

The deposed monarch gloried in her subjection. She said "Hector likes this," or "Hector likes that," with the tone of submissive deference in which you may hear a good wife say, "Mr. Smith will not eat cold boiled mutton," or "Mr. Smith is very particular about his shirt-bosoms."

As for Miss Angela, she never looked at Hector, gambling about the back-yard in all his superabundance of strength and vitality, without feeling a half-agreeable nervous shock, and a flutter of the heart. He stood for her as the type of that vast outside world of puissant manhood of which she had known but two specimens—her father and Cousin Hector. Perhaps, in the old days, if Cousin Hector had not been so engrossed in frivolity and making of practical jokes, he might have learned of something to his advantage. But he never did.

For the first time in her life, Miss Angela found herself left to watch the house through the horrors of the Fourth of July. This had always been Miss Pellicoe's duty; but this year Miss Pellicoe failed to come back from the quiet place in the Catskills, where no children were admitted, and where the Pellicoe family, two at a time, spent the Summer in the society of other old maids and of aged widows.

"I feel that you are safe with Hector," she wrote.

Alack and alack for Miss Pellicoe's faith in Hector! The first firecracker filled him with excitement, and before the noises of the day had fairly begun, he was careering around the yard, barking in uncontrollable frenzy. At twelve o'clock, when the butcher-boy came with the chops for luncheon, Hector bounded through the open wicket, right into the arms of a dog-catcher. Miss Angela wrung her hands as she gazed from her window and saw the Head of the House cast into the cage with a dozen curs of the street and driven rapidly off.

In her lorn anguish she sought the functionary who was known in the house as "Miss Pellicoe's policeman."

"Be aisy, Miss," he said. "Av the dog is worth five dollars, say, to yez, I have a friend will get him out for th' accommodation."

"Oh, take it, take it!" cried Miss Angela, trembling and weeping.

After six hours of anxious waiting, Miss Angela received Hector at the front door, from a boy who turned and fled as soon as his mission was accomplished. Hector was extremely glad to be at home, and his health seemed to be unimpaired; but to Miss Angela's delicate fancy, contact with the vulgar of his kind had left a vague aroma of degradation about him. With her own hands she washed him in tepid water and sprinkled him with eau de cologne. And even then she could not help feeling that to some extent the bloom had been brushed from the peach.

Hector was ill—very ill. The family conclave assembled every night and discussed the situation with knit brows and tearful eyes. They could not decide whether the cause of his malady was the unwholesomeness of the Summer air in the city, or whether it was simply overfeeding. He was certainly shockingly fat, and much indisposed to exertion. He had lost all his activity; all his animal spirits. He spent most of the time in his house. Even his good-nature was going. He had actually snapped at Honora. They had tried to make up their minds to reduce his rations; but their hearts had failed them. They had hoped that the cool air of September would help him; but September was well-nigh half gone; and Hector grew worse and worse.

"Sisters," said Miss Pellicoe, at last, "we shall have to send for a Veterinary!" She spoke as though she had just decided to send for an executioner. And even as the words left her lips there came from Hector such a wail of anguish that Miss Pellicoe's face turned a ghastly white.

"He is going mad," she cried. There was no sleep in the Pellicoe household that night, although Hector wailed no more. At the break of day, Miss Pellicoe led five other white-faced women into the back-yard.

Hector's head lay on the sill of his door. He seemed too weak to rise, but he thrashed his tail pleasantly against the walls, and



"Be thim Hector's?"

appeared amiable and even cheerful. The six advanced.

Miss Pellicoe knelt down and put her hand in to pet him. Then a strange expression came over her face.

(Continued on page 20)



Puck

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



Blushes and Excuses

A correction we wish to make. In the last Thursday items we said that a son had arrived at the home of Albert Kellogg. Now, as some trouble has been caused by it, we want to explain and correct anything that has caused trouble, as we do not want the blame. Neither do we want the editor blamed. We were told by parties who had received the information from Mrs. Kellogg's folks and so we wrote what we thought was correct, but as there is no limit to it, we wish to say that we do not write anything to hurt anyone's feelings or mean any harm, but we certainly will have to know that what is reported to us will be the truth as we do not like to have our heads bit off over the telephone. So we want the parties to know that we were misinformed and not blame us, but the right parties and all will be well.

—The Marysville (Wis.) Tribune.

Acrobats

One old fellow laid his hands in patriarchal fashion on the heads of the children, while they, not looking up and silent, kissed the back of his hand, and, clinging to their mothers' skirts and whimpering, were hurried away.

—From Collier's Weekly, April 1, 1916.

An Ideal Sabbath

Last Sunday was a beautiful clear winter day. There was no preaching service in town.

—The Trimble (Mo.) Democrat.

Why Recover?

Ben Harmon's mule that has been lame for quite a while is able to be plowed.

—The Clarksville (Ark.) Democrat.

The Reporter's Revenge

Ruth Robinson gave a tacky party to her boy and girl friends last Saturday night. Since the above parties did not invite this reporter they will have to excuse this brief mention.

—The Monticello (Ga.) Advance.

A Youngster

Born.—To Mr. and Mrs. W. H. White a son, aged 69 years and 4 months.

—Oneida (N. Y.) Union.

Grandpa Prepared

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dunn, of near Morgan, have been entertaining a fine son since March 5. Father is all smiles and grandfather is bringing up the rear with the assistance of a cane.

—The Falmouth (Ky.) Outlook.

Nothing in a Name

There will be no meeting of the Good Health Society Tuesday evening because of the illness of so many of the members.

—The Wakefield (Kan.) Star.

Frank

The prospective groom is well and most popularly known in Danville, where he was reared and partially educated.

—The Danville (Ky.) Advocate.

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to

K. S., care of Puck.

It'll Take More Than Proof

Roe Gilmore came into our sanctum yesterday, and after a good deal of fussin' around laid an egg of unusual size on our editorial desk. It measured seven by eight and a quarter inches. We still have the egg and can prove it.

—The Green Ridge (S. C.) News.

A Cow Worth Having

G. W. Monroe, living south of the city, has a cow that has broken the record. It is keeping two families, one of six persons and another of three, besides furnishing P. D. Lilley's milk route with cream and raising two flourishing calves.

—The Owasco (N. Y.) American Press.

True to the Last

He was a man of perfect health, and it was his boast that he never had employed a physician and it was quite remarkable that his death came so suddenly that although a physician was called life was extinct before he arrived.

—Richford note in the Tioga County Herald.

Couldn't Be Saved

The fire truck made a quick run to the scene, but the fire had gained too much headway to permit of anything being done to save it.

—The Madera (Cal.) Tribune.

If You Have Eggs

Eggs taken at Miss Zimmerman's millinery store. I will take your eggs in exchange for your spring and summer hat. Market prices paid.

—Adv. in the Sabetha (Kan.) Star.



1896

1900

1916!

1920?

OUR STENOGRAPHER



Now, John, I propose putting the field of sweet corn there and the watermelons here, what do you think?

Returning the Other's Cheek

In his new book on fearing God and helping oneself, Mr. Roosevelt has awakened us to the peril of the face-slapper:

Page 28—"If a man deliberately takes the view that he will not resent having his wife's face slapped. . . ."

Page 35—" . . . as if his wife's face were slapped on the public streets."

Page 93—" . . . he will not resent the action of an offender who slaps his wife's face."

Page 186—"When a man has warned another man not to slap his wife's face . . ."

Evidently Mr. Roosevelt's fear of the Creator has nothing to do with turning the other cheek.



BIRD INSIDE: Now tell me honestly, George. How do I look in one of these tall hats?



Cave Life or Civilization

Civilized man is distinguished from the cave man by his habit of co-operation.

The cave man lived for and by himself; independent of others, but always in danger from natural laws.

To the extent that we assist one another, dividing up the tasks, we increase our capacity for production, and attain the advantages of civilization.

We may sometimes disregard our dependence on others. But suppose the farmer, for example, undertook to live strictly by his own efforts. He might eke out an existence, but it would not be a civilized existence nor would it satisfy him.

He needs better food and clothes and shelter and implements than he could provide unassisted. He requires a market for his surplus products, and the means of transportation and exchange.

He should not forget who makes his clothes, his shoes, his tools, his

vehicles and his tableware, or who mines his metals, or who provides his pepper and salt, his books and papers, or who furnishes the ready means of transportation and exchange whereby his myriad wants are supplied.

Neither should he forget that the more he assists others the more they can assist him.

Take the telephone specialists of the Bell System: the more efficient they are, the more effectively the farmer and every other human factor of civilization can provide for their own needs and comforts.

Or take our government, entrusted with the task of regulating, controlling and protecting a hundred million people. It is to the advantage of everyone that the government shall be so efficient in its special task that all of us may perform our duties under the most favorable conditions. Interdependence means civilized existence.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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One of Harry Morse Meyers' Biggest Picture Hits—

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No one on earth can mix two cocktails equally well by guess-work. The whole charm of a cocktail is in the smoothness that comes from accurate blending and aging.

That is why Club Cocktails are always fine and smooth—mixed to measure—of the best liquors—then aged in wood.

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A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Hector

(Continued from page 17)

"Sister," she said, "I think—a cat has got in and bitten him."

She closed her hand on something soft, lifted it out and laid it on the ground. It was small, it was black, it was dumpy. It moved a round head in an uncertain, inquiring way, and tried to open its tightly-closed eyes. Then it squeaked.

Thrice more did Miss Pellicoe thrust her hand into the house. Thrice again did she bring out an object exactly similar.

"Wee-e-e!" squeaked the four objects. Hector thrashed her tail about and blinked joyfully, all unconscious of the utter wreck of her masculinity, looking as though it were the most natural thing in the world for her to have a litter of pups—as, indeed, it was.

Honora broke the awful silence—Miss Angela was sobbing so softly you could scarcely hear her.

"Be thim Hector's?" Honora inquired.

"Honora!" said Miss Pellicoe, rising, never utter that name in my presence again."

"An' fwhat shall I call the dog?"

"Call it"—and Miss Pellicoe made a pause of impressive severity, "call it—Andromache."

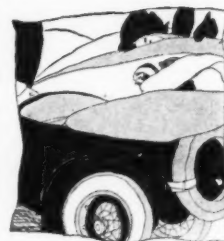
Peter's Responsibility

So far as the value of a human life can be computed in dollars and cents, it has been legally and actuarially fixed at about \$5,000. Therefore Peter McNeill, dockmaster at the steamboat landing on the tip of New York city, has fetched out of the waters of the harbor approximately \$140,000 worth of men. For, the other day, Peter jumped into the river and grabbed his twenty-eighth beneficiary. A real "fisher of men," this dockmaster!

Twenty-eight men are pretty near a regimental company, figuring in the amiable unprepared American way. Twenty-eight men, properly handled, might conceivably save New York or any other city in time of stress. Twenty-eight votes have turned, and may turn, an election. In vital statistics twenty-eight men, by modest estimate, would be represented in the fourth generation by 15,000 human beings. This is Peter's brood.

But this wholesale patronage carries responsibilities. Some of Peter's children will become honest and industrious artisans. Others will be industrious—to pick the pockets of said artisans. Some will be pillars of the church, and others doormats of the jail. Some will be handsome, dark beauties, with Annette Kellermann underpinnings, and others will be wall-eyed, snub-nosed, knock-kneed, and have warts. Some will attain Congress and others will attain the police-court. And it will all be Peter's fault.

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Right Back Here—

is the test of the tire problem. This is the tire you depend upon to bring you home, no matter what happens to your other tires. It *must* be a dependable tire, and there are no more dependable tires than

Fellsen Tires

See that the next reserve tire you buy is a FELLESEN TIRE. The satisfaction you will get from it will prove a revelation to you, and to make this satisfaction doubly certain, FELLESEN TIRES are sold under this iron-clad guarantee:

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Non-Skid - 7,500 Miles
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Co.**

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Write for Net Price List
and How to Save
Tire Money

Too Much Work

FIRST MAID: So you don't like to work for highbrows?

SECOND MAID: You bet I don't. I worked for one pair of them—and never again! Him and her was fighting continually and it kept me running back and forth between the keyhole and the dictionary all the time.



WHEN THE WORM TURNED

Not For Anti-Vivisectionists

SOPIA, April 1 (via London).—Dr. Harry Plotz of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, now with the Bulgarian sanitary troops, has received a medal, without swords, for bravery, the distinction being the highest one possible to award a Bulgarian army surgeon.

The medal was bestowed for Dr. Plotz's services in aiding in the stamping out of typhus in Serbia and Bulgaria. He has laboratories at Uskup.—*News item.*

Dr. Plotz got his medal, not for killing men, but for saving them. It is more dramatic to risk your life on the battlefield to kill than in the fever camp to save, but scarcely more helpful to civilization.

If it were not for fear of hurting the feelings of some tender-hearted sportsman, we might mention the fact that Dr. Plotz carried out most of his experiments resulting in the discovery of the cause of typhus fever, on rabbits. But of course the sportsman will weep at this. The only humane way of treating rabbits, he will sadly inform us, is to run them to death with dogs.

"Who was it said, 'Hitch your wagon to a star'?"

"Oh, some motorist who didn't want to lend another a little gasoline, probably!"

Armour's Veribest Package Foods

TRADE MARK

make easy the preparation of impromptu luncheons and delicious family meals. Sandwich Dainties, Luncheon Beef, Salmon, Sardines, Tuna, Ketchup, etc. Over 100 in all. Cooked—ready to serve. No waste. Economical. Ask for Armour's!

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Malt of all foods is one of the most quickly turned by digestion into nourishment. The best of malt is used in making Budweiser—hence its food value. Immaculate cleanliness in process and surroundings and perfect pasteurization of product and bottles make Budweiser a pure beverage. So—there's pure food and drink in

Budweiser

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS.

Bottled at the Brewery

"How is your new burglar alarm working out?"

"All right; I haven't had a burglar in the house since we put it in."



—From Braun's Iconoclast.
VOTE DRY FOR US

How They Generally Interpret Names

THE HIGHBROW	THE LOWBROW
Wells (H. G.)	Wells (Bombardier)
James (Henry)	James (Jesse)
Doyle (A. Conan)	Doyle (Larry)
VanDyke (Henry)	VanDyke (beard)
Wood	Wood (Smoky Joe)
(Gen. Leonard)	
Brice (Viscount)	Brice (Fanny)
Napoleon	Napoleon (Lajoie)
(Bonaparte)	
Johnson (President)	Johnson (Jack)
Gillette (William)	Gillette (razor)
Bennett (Arnold)	Bennett
	(James Gordon)

We confidently predict that the black-and-white-striped stockings, which are being purchased by many young ladies for summer wear, will lapse into innocuous desuetude as soon as the young ladies learn from students of optics that such stripes tend to obliterate the shape of the objects which they enclose.

The discoverer of grapefruit has passed away — without instructing a majority of chefs in the proper way to cut the meat away from the hide.

Why is it that the man who shouts loudest about "building up and patronizing home industries" never buys domestic champagne?



TEEING UP!

Now the links are opening up; the driver and the brassie have done hibernating and are getting restless in the caddie bag, and the golf season is on.

If you find, in looking over your clubs, that you need some new ones, or a new supply of golf balls, come for them to

The Abraham & Straus Golf Shop

Whether you are a seasoned golfer or a tyro, you will find here all the golf equipment you need:

Full assortments of the famous Spalding and Slazenger Golf Clubs are from \$1.89 to \$3.50, and our own excellent Edinboro' Clubs, which are \$1.50 for either iron or wood.

A special selection of Women's and Left-handed Clubs.

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Ho, hum, there ain't no opportunity nowadays for a feller to git ahead

At the Ford Minstrels

INTERLOCUTOR: I suppose you drive a Ford?

END MAN: I did, but it was stolen last night.

I.: That's too bad.

E.: I didn't care so much about the car, but it contained a quart of gasoline.

I.: Well, even driving a Ford is expensive.

E.: Yes, I was arrested Monday, while driving through the business district.

I.: For speeding?

E.: No, for "rushing the can" in a dry town.

I.: Well, you'll find the Ford everywhere.

E.: Indeed you will. Old Gotrox was out motoring the other night on a country road and when the car began going slow he asked the chauffeur the reason. "There's a Ford ahead of us, sir," he answered. "Drive around it," the old man ordered. "What's the use?" asked the chauffeur. "There's sure to be another ahead of that."

I.: The Ford is one of the oldest cars and you should have more respect for it.

E.: The oldest car, in fact. In Caesar's Commentaries it says, "The Rhine is crossed in several places by a Ford."

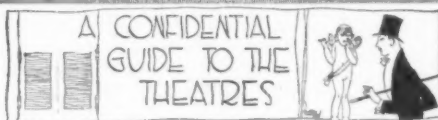
I.: Mr. Snuggins, the popular baritone, will sing "He Used to Send Her Violets, But Now He Sends Her Fords."

Billie was unusually bad one evening and his mother asked him if he did not think God was ashamed of him.

"Now, don't worry, mama," he replied. "God is too busy keeping neutral in Europe just now to see little boys in America."

An Ohio woman was haled into the divorce court because she took joy-rides with another man on a fertilizer-spreader. Some women will endure anything for love.

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Even. 8.00, Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.00 Klaw & Erlanger, Managers
Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival
TREE in HENRY VIII
With Edith Wynne Matthison, Lyn Harding, Charles Dalton, Willette Kershaw & Co. of 185

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Atop New Amsterdam Theatre MEETING PLACE OF THE WORLD

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Messrs. Shubert Present
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BOOTH Pay-Day
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LYRIC Katinka
39th STREET Lou-Tellegen In A King of Nowhere
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SHUBERT The Great Pursuit
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New York haberdashers will have a parade on May 13. While the procession is passing, the average citizen will have a fine chance to sneak into a shop and acquire a size 13 collar without being asked if he doesn't want to purchase some socks, garters, underwear, shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, studs, nightgowns and a fancy vest.



—(C) From Fliegende Blätter.
BLOCKADING THESE GERMANS IS NO CINCH

Charlie Chaplin, "Slacker"

We marvel of late at the savage sternness with which some of Britain's leader writers repress their sense of humor. Hear, for example, the London *Globe* thundering at Charlie Chaplin:

Let him exchange the antics of the knockabout comedian for the King's khaki, since he is an Englishman of military age, and not, so far as we are aware, a conscientious objector.

Just when England's army is about to be taken seriously, the *Globe* proposes to recruit Chaplin to it and make it a joke again. Imagine Charlie's regiment parading down Whitehall on a Chaplin jig step, with their helmets cocked over their left ears! Charlie could put the curse of burlesque on a whole division. His natural weapons are the slapstick and the popgun, not the sabre and the rifle. He can manipulate a seltzer bottle to the King's taste; but so eccentric

a young person, and, moreover, one accustomed to writing his own scenarios, is not to be trusted with one of the King's rapid-fire guns. We would match him against any German in the world in a duel with eggs or custard pie, but we wouldn't care to be behind him or beside him when he was handling a hair-brush grenade.

It is suggested that the four seasons be augmented by a fifth season, to extend from March 1st to April 15th. This period, it is maintained, is neither winter nor spring. Persons wishing to suggest names for this fifth season are advised to write the names on asbestos paper, and to be very careful how they send them through the mails.

"Carranza Troops Have Pay Raised," reads a headline in the newspapers; but when one needs \$4,250 in Carranza currency to purchase a steak smothered in onions, we fail to see why a raise should be worthy of note.

Insofar as the relation of primaries and convention delegates is concerned, it appears that the voice of the people will soon need a new needle.

T. R. and Root have buried the hatchet, but there is a suspicion that neither of them buried it where he would have liked to.

It should be noted, in connection with the T. R.-Root reunion, that buried hatchets are only skin deep.

The English should not be ungrateful to the Zeppelin raiders. They keep 'em out in the open air.



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SAVES THE NECK
Put a small piece of Velvet Edge on your collar and neck. It will keep you cool and comfortable. STOP THE WEARING AWAY OF YOUR NECK. STOP BELOW COLLAR. For sale at best stores.
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"BATH HOUSE 23" "KEEP OUT"

OUR LATEST NOVELTY
Bath house in wood veneer with swinging door and brass fastener; size 5x8 inches; with the door open you see a beautiful, hand colored picture of an Ostend bathing girl. Comes boxed, prepaid, for 25c to introduce our new catalog of pictures for The Den, "all winners!" Catalog alone 10c. Stamps accepted.

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Imperial
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THE wine that gave American champagne its fame. Better than Europe affords the best America affords best afforded by all Americans.

Cook's knows no other duty than to please you.

Sold everywhere—Served everywhere
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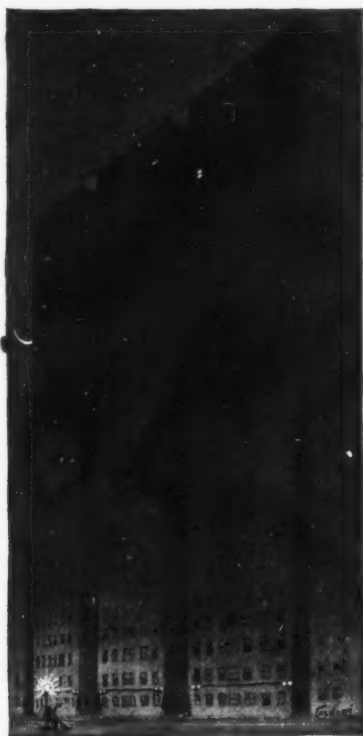
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Tells everything worth while about hunting, fishing, trapping, camping, and woodcraft. Contains valuable information about guns and rifles, fishing tackle, camp outfits, traps, etc. Best places to go for fish and game. 128 pages fully illustrated, with handsome colored cover.

SPECIAL OFFER!
We will send you a copy of latest issue, together with set of 8 colored outdoor sport pictures, size 9x12, for your den, on receipt of 25c in stamps or coin.

National Sportsman, 253 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.



There's a light in the window for thee, dear

Mrs. James Rodie celebrated her ninetyeth birthday anniversary several days ago. She attributes her excellent health to the fact that her diet consists largely of chocolates and other sweetmeats.—*Melrose, Mass., despatch.*

Massachusetts has the original "candy kid."

A minister in Chicago plans to preach by wireless. If he chooses well his subjects, he should make a large hit, the flash and crackle of the Marconi apparatus offering an exceptionally impressive accompaniment for "fire and brimstone" sermons.

Train your boys to ride a horse like an Indian and to shoot like the sharpshooters of Kentucky and Tennessee at the battle of Chalmette in 1815.

—*Champ Clark.*

But it is so difficult to do those things in a modern flat. The down-stairs tenants would be almost certain to complain.

We know what is meant when we hear that a man has "met his Waterloo." But what sort of fate must overtake a man ere people say he has "met his Verdun"? A new and mighty metaphor is about to be born to the English language.

If, as was proven, the Krupps did all they could to provoke strife between France and Germany, what is there so preposterous about the notion that some "sinister and unscrupulous" influence has been busy along the Mexican border? Since when has business ceased to be business?

Puck

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A "SPLIT" OF

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Ale or
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With Your Meals.

Good Restaurants, Saloons & Dealers



The Top
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Head

should be covered with a natural growth of hair, and it can be—if roots are not dead.

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Grace-Mildred Culture Course

Dept. 36. 624 S. Michigan Blvd., CHICAGO

It Took a Genius to Write This Love Story

(C) American Sunday Magazine



Morgan Robertson's genius leaped beyond the conventional love story. In this idyl of young love he pictures man and woman in an amazing situation—in conditions as primitive as when Adam found Eve.

The story—"The Three Laws and the Golden Rule"—is found in the new Metropolitan-McClure edition of Morgan Robertson. It continues the narrative told in "PRIMORDIAL" of the boy and girl shipwrecked on a desert island. It shows how each life responded to the instincts of the race. The reader sees vividly unfolded in these two young lives the whole drama

of human existence. The world's first wooing was like this.

The new edition is a treasure trove to the lover of unusual, absorbing stories. It contains "Sinful Peck," a novel of 70,000 words—Morgan Robertson's master creation. "Sinful Peck belongs in the same immortal company with Long John Silver and Robinson Crusoe," said Irvin Cobb.

In these stories you will meet Chinese pirates, hypnotists, stowaways. The mystery of undersea life will be unfolded to you. You will peer into the wonder realm of Personality. Here's how you can get them:

Making a Dream Come True

Morgan Robertson said, just before he died, that he hoped to be able to leave a little of the world's comforts to ease the declining years of his frail little wife. No woman ever deserved it more. We will keep this trust and we know the American public will do its share to carry out Morgan Robertson's last wish. Will you do your part? You answer "Yes" when you send in your order for this new four-volume edition of Morgan Robertson's works, together with a year's subscription to McClure's and Metropolitan. We will pay for the books. We will pay the carriage charges on them. We will pay Mrs. Robertson a generous royalty—if you will pay for the magazines at less than retail prices, in easy monthly payments.

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The 35 Morgan Robertson stories, embracing his best work, are in four handsome cloth bound volumes—over 1,000 pages—over 300,000 words printed in new easy-to-read type—titles stamped in gold. You send only ten cents now with the coupon. After that, one dollar for four months to pay for the magazines, and that's all! The books are yours FREE. If you wish to pay all at once, send only \$3.75. If you prefer full leather binding, send \$5.75. We recommend this edition to book lovers. Magazines may be sent to different addresses. If you are at present a subscriber to either magazine, your subscription will be extended. Postage extra outside of the United States.

Puck 4-22

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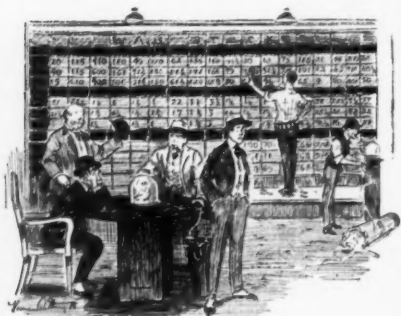
I enclose ten cents. Please send me Morgan Robertson's new stories in 4 volumes, and enter my subscription to Metropolitan and McClure's each for 18 months. I promise to pay one dollar a month for four months for the magazines. The books are mine, free.

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And now the Turks deny sinking the Persia. Maybe it was the Belgians.



WAR SUFFERERS

See America First

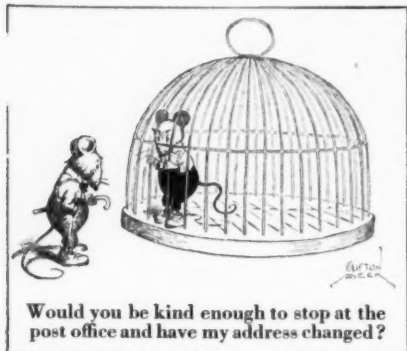
There was considerable commotion in the newspaper plant. The telegraph operator had collapsed.

"What did it?" asked the crowd.

"He had just mastered the European war centers," explained the night editor, "and he was getting fairly proficient on Mexican names."

"Yes, and what then?"

"A story came through from Alaska, with references to Kuskowim, Iditarod and Sleimut."



"In the early days of Populism," W. J. Bryan told an audience, "the party looked with suspicion upon all lawyers and it was a common belief that no lawyer could be a Populist. A story is told of a man who had been placed in nomination for a certain office at a county convention in Nebraska. Following the nomination speech a delegate arose and declared that the candidate in question was a lawyer.

"The candidate is not a lawyer," replied the orator who had made the nominating speech, "and the gentleman does my candidate a great injustice. He was a lawyer at one time, but he was disbarred."

"Oh, if that's the case," the gentleman replied, "I withdraw my objections."

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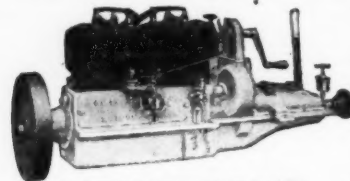
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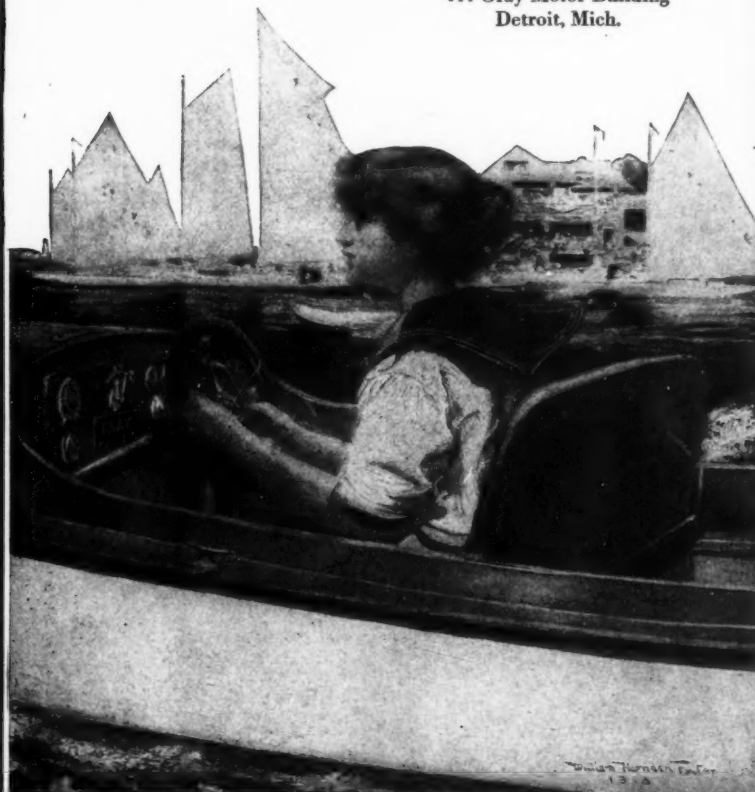
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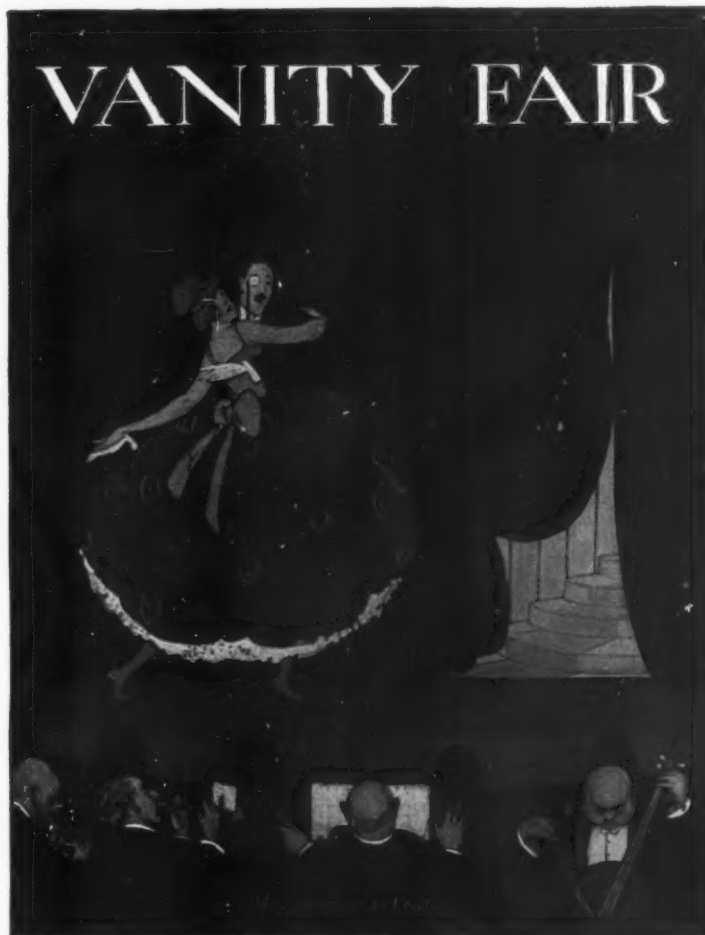


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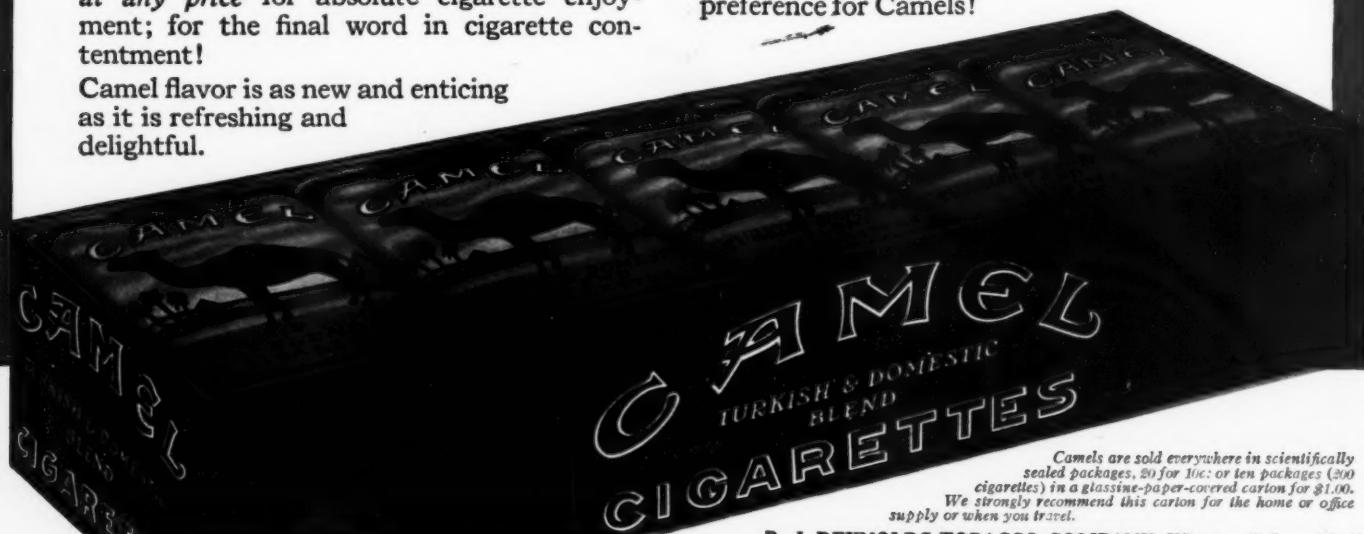
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